

F U N:

A Parodi-tragi-comical

S A T I R E.

As it was to have been perform'd at the

ROSE-TAVERN,

O N

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1752,

B U T

Suppressed,

B Y

A Special ORDER from the LORD-MAYOR
and COURT of ALDERMEN.

D U B L I N:

Printed by RICHARD JAMES, at *Newton's Head* in
Dame-street. M,DCC,LII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publication of this Piece would not have been so long delay'd, but for the Expectation of performing it, as at first intended ; which however, by the same indefatigable Opposition, was still frustrated.





P R E F A C E.

*THE Father of the following little
T Offspring, being very well convinc'd
of the natural Weakness of this his
puny Child, did never intend to trust
it abroad without the LEADING STRINGS of
Action ; had not the Fear of those, who, like
Cowards, are afraid of their own Shadows,
assiduously opposed the Representation ; being
terribly apprehensive that the Strength of a
poor Baby Monosyllable might affect the Mag-
nanimity of a Drawcanfir.-----Such is the
Force of Self-Conviction ! -----But as this
Infant is oblig'd to walk alone, by many
who are resolv'd on it's Appearance, it's
Father most humbly desires the good-natur'd
Town will not tumble the little creature into
the Dirt ; but that they will help it forward
over the Kennels of Detraction ; and, in Com-
passion to the Tendernefs of it's Age, keep the
barking Curs, the Critics, at a Distance.---
And to excite them to this Benevolence, here
a 2 follow*

follow the Memoirs of the cruel and affecting Period of its Birth, &c.

This Piece of Fun, Son to the Father, and Grandson to the Grandfather of the same Name, was conceiv'd, in a Fit of Laughter, about the 8th of February, in the Year 1752. ---His Mother advanced happily in her Pregnancy, and there were great Hopes of a fine Offspring; but, unhappily, just before the Time of her Delivery, Measures were taken, by a certain great Man, to make her miscarry; excited, as some say, to this Piece of Barbarity, by an old Woman's Prophecy which he keeps by him (cast in leaden Characters) in a Chest of Brass secured, like the fortunate Tickets of a Lottery, by seven Locks: And of which Prophecy the following is a Transcript:

*When Fun
Has a Son
Then Drawcanfir's Race is run.*

However childish and ridiculous it may seem for a Man to be affected with such idle Stuff as this, it is not unprecedented or extravagantly strange; since Tradition tells us, that Saturn, Father of JUPITER, the Great Grandfather of Cyrus, and many other august Personages, were equally mov'd, by such Instigations, to much the same Absurdities.

Not-

P R E F A C E.

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Notwithstanding, however, all such malignant Measures were taken, the full Time of Pregnancy advanc'd, and the Child was hourly expected; when a positive Order came down, that Mrs. FUN, who then lay at the Rose-Tavern, must not be brought to-bed within the Walls, lest the Child, which was suspected to be a Bastard, should bring a Scandal on the Dignity and Chastity of the City. Upon this, even while the Lady lay crying out, the Father waited on the chief Personage of the Liberties, with Remonstrances, that the Child was very honestly got, and that none but very creditable People were at the Labour; complaining, at the same Time, that the same Privilege had been permitted an old Woman of a very bad Character, one Mother Midnight, who had often practis'd her Profession there, tho' it was now denied others. --- 'Twas all in vain: The Gentleman, though he behaved with a great deal of Politeness and Good-manners, was so prepossess'd against the whole Family of FUN, which had been falsely represented to him as of no Character or Reputation, that he not only forbid the Men Midwives doing their Duty, but sent others to see his Orders duly executed.----- What could now be done?----Mrs. FUN was, in the midst of her Travail, remov'd; and, nobody daring to give her Assistance, her poor Offspring almost perished in the Birth. But

Na-

Nature had been liberal, the Stamina were sound, and branched out for Life. 'Tis true, indeed, its Features were so defac'd, that the strong Likeness in them was almost lost; and a Weakness, which will be lasting as it's Life, is the Consequence of the Usage it then met with.-----If, after all, then, it should fail of answering those Expectations the Town had of it, in Embrio; it will undoubtedly be thought, there is Reason enough to excuse all the Imperfections and Failings it is unhappily afflicted with; since these are so far from being its Faults, that they are Misfortunes which must infallibly engage the Protection of every candid, tender-hearted, christian Reader.



PROLOGUE.

*AS dying Sinners hope to get to Heav'n,
And beg and pray to have their Crimes forgiv'n,
So I come here, with humble Supplication,
In hopes you'll kindly save us from Damnation.
For you must know the whole of this Design,
The Plot, the Manner, Sentiment is mine.
'Tis true, we must confess, our motley Piece
Is not confin'd by Laws from Rome or Greece:
For I disdain old Aristotle's Rules,
That tie down Scriblers, limit none but Fools.
I dare beyond the Goal of Critics run,
What Order should confine the Works of FUN,
Whose Self I am?----And for your Information,
Hear my Birth, Parentage and Education:
My Sire was, thirty Years ago, in Vogue;
His Name was WIT, an arch, diverting Rogue;
My Mother's Name was HUMOUR, low and poor,
Reduc'd for Want sometimes to play the Whore.
Who best repaid what she was pleas'd to grant,
Was RIBALDRY, her favourite Gallant.
Now, little Delicacy dwelt in either,
For, as I'm told, they all Three lay together.
Soon after I was born, their darling Son,
A Bastard Compound he!---was christen'd FUN.
Laughter, a merry Jade, was chose my Nurse;
Whose Birth was mean, but Education worse:
Betimes she taught me to distort the Face,
And sneer at every thing but want of Grace;
At twelve Years old she sent me first to School;
My Tutor, Ignorance, a Coxcomb and a Fool.
Little I learn'd 'tis true, but ev'ry Day
The Truant play'd, at length ran quite away.
Proud of my Freedom, rambling up and down,
Folly, a Filt that ruins half the Town,
Spreading those Arms which ev'ry Fool admires,
Caught me to satisfy her loose Desires.
The Task, tho' hard, I follow'd with Delight;
Sometimes most wisely wrong, and sometimes blindly right:
Above all Order, or the vain Pretence
Of Learning, Genius, Taste or Common Sense.
Who then will censure what may here be done?
What WIT will criticise a PIECE OF FUN?*



Persons of the DRAMA.

M E N.

Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Kt.

Dr. MOUNTAIN.

Sir NACKADIL TRUNNION, Kt.

'Squire ANTONY.

BULLYBOY.

Lord RIOT.

ORATOR, alias the BRAZEN HEAD;

W O M E N.

ROXANA TERMAGANT.

PEG BRINDLE.

Four Witches.

*Drawer, Ghost, THIEF JUSTICE, Mob and
Attendants.*





F U N.

S C E N E I.

Discovers Three Witches,

Enter HECATE.

First Witch.

OW now *Hecate*? You seem pleas'd,
Hec. Have I not Reason? *Draw-*
canfir is ours:
He yields again to *Dulness*' magic
Powers.

He was indeed a wayward Son,
Rejecting Opiate and Pun;
But now again he bears a Part,
In nodding *Dulness*' Art:
Therefore let us, with some most powerful
Charm,
Timely prevent our future Harm;

A

That

That never from us he relapse again :
 For in the Corner of his Brain,
 There hangs a vap'rous drop of Wit,-----
 Then mar it e'er it comes to Light,
 And, by the Strength of vain Illusion,
 Draw him on to his Confusion.
 Make him spurn Wisdom, Wit and Sense,
 Retailing Humour out for Pence,
 For you all know that Vanity,
 Is Authors' chiefest Enemy. [Call without.
 Hark ! I am call'd—my Mistress *Dulness* see
 Sits in a foggy Cloud, and waits for me.

1st Witch. What are we ?

2d Witch. Witches Three.

3d Witch. Bound to what ?

1st Witch. Boil the Pot.

Around, around to go ;

Ingredients in to throw,

To form a Charm that ever shall remain ;

Nor let *Drawcanfir* rise to Wit again,

2d Witch. We'll do't.

3d Witch. We will.

1st Witch. Then let us raise it up—Thrice to
 thine.

2d Witch. Thrice to mine.

3d Witch. And thrice again to make up Nine—
 Peace the Cauldron's come

[Cauldron rises.

1st Witch.

(3)

1st Witch. Let us then around it sing,
Like Elves and Faries in a Ring.

2d Witch. Agreed.

3d Witch. Agreed.

1st Witch, (Sings)

S O N G.

*Whene'er Dulness annoys,
We all should rejoice in Chorus ;
The Hour of the Time's before us
We all should rejoice, rejoice,
While around we go.
Let the Scriblers write like Asles,
Our Fire their Fire surpasses,
While our Charm compleat doth grow.*

DA CAPO.

2d Witch. With all the Speed we may,
When *Dunlefs* calls, we post away.
Sometimes upon the Rope we dance ;
Or Capers cut, first cut in *France* ;
Sometimes unto the *Salt-box* play,
Or to the *Jews-harp* dance away,
To some old Saw or bardish Rhime
With the *Midwife* and old *Time*.

1st Witch. Now like *Italian Cats* we shew,
And, instead of Music, mew ;

A 2

Where

Where the carping Critics come,
 And Blockheads keep their drowsy *Ham* :
 Or, if with none of these we do't,
 We dance to th' Echoes of the *Foot*.

3d Witch. But 'tis Time the Charm begin,
 Throw your poisonous Compounds in.

1st Witch. Pen of Critic pointed small,
 Whittled sharp and dipt in Gall,
 Full of swelt'ring Envy fraught,
 Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot.

All. Double, double, Toil and Trouble,
 Fire burn and Cauldron bubble.

2d Witch. Wetted with my Spittle fasting,
 Here is all the Sense of *Pasquin*.

3d Witch. Here what Puppets learn'd to squeak

1st Witch. Here the Tongue that made them
 speak

2d Witch. Here the Virtue of *Pamela*.

3d Witch. Here *Clarissa*.

1st Witch. Here *Cornelia*

2d Witch. Virgin from Baudery unmask'd.

3d Witch. *Wedding-day---The Banns unask'd.*

1st Witch. O -- stand aside, and let me come,
 Here, here's the Body of *Tom-Thumb*;
 For a Charm of powerful Trouble,
 In the Broth of *Dulness* bubble.

All. Around, around, around about,
Dulness come running in, all *Wit* keep out.

1st Witch.

1st Witch. Here a *Goose-quill*.

2d Witch.

Paper.

3d Witch.

Ink.

1st Witch. Brains that ne'er were known to
think.

2d Witch. Poet's Mark wherewith Men brand
'em.

3d Witch. Shot in vain, thrown out at *Random*.

1st Witch. *Valet*.

2d Witch. *Loveill*.

3d Witch.

And *Creole*.

All. Dead and damn'd without a Soul.

1st Witch. With Laughter that can never tickle,
Swell it up---Oh ! here is *Pickle*.

2d Witch. Here I've got within my Budget,
A *Rosciad* and the Brains of *Touchit*.

1st Witch. Here a poor Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab ;
Child of Poverty and Spleen,
Mother Midnight's Magazine.

3d Witch. To make it stronger it is prudent.

1st Witch. Here's the *Kapelion*.

3d Witch.

Here the *Student*.

2d Witch. Here ! here our favourite Delight.

3d Witch. What is't?

2d Witch.

A *Journal Jacobite*

1st Witch. To add to these and make a pois'nous
Stench,

Here take 4 Ounces of a *noseless* Wench.

2d Witch.

2d Witch. Add the Learning of a *Blood*,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

1st Witch. By the Noise I hear of Puns,
Sure *Drawcanfir* this Way runs-----
At the Gate enter strait.

Enter Drawcanfir.

Dr. How now ? Ye stupid dull and tiresome
Hags,
Ye Imps of Dullness,----What is it you do ?

All. A Deed without a Name.

Dr. I conjure ye, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it,----answer me.
Tho' you untie Ignorance and Dullness too,
Tho' their muddy Waves confound and swal-
low up

All Taste and Common-sense, tho' the Treasure
of Wit and Genius tumble all together,
Even 'till Nonsense sicken ;--- -answer me.

1st Witch. Speak, *Drawcanfir*.

2d Witch. Demand.

3d Witch. We'll answer.

Dr. Have you not rais'd within my tow'ring
Hopes

That I alone should mount the Throne of Wit,
That I alone should reign the Umpire there ?
Have you not often flatter'd me, that I,
Above the carping Critics am exalted ;
And as the Barking-Dogs near Hoxton shew,
I like the Moon am high as they are low ;
And yet my Mind forbodes----it can't be true.

I am

I am not safe, while yet the *Town* has Sense;
 I am not safe, for that Malicious Town,
 As fast I get up, still pulls me down.

3d Witch. Thou shal't be satisfied.
 See'st thou that Apparation?

Dr. Ah! the Ghost of *Vinegar*! my Soul
 turns sow'r within me-----'tis gone-----now
 I am an *Hercules* again. A Second! *Troplaid*!
 ah! shake not thy goary Locks at me, thou
 wert a *Jacobite*-----A Third and like the former
 ----Filthy Hags----why do you shew me this?
 ----Another! I'll see no more.

1st Witch. It speaks.

Ghost. *Drawcanfir*---*Drawcanfir*---*Drawcanfir*.

Dr. Oh were I *deaf*, I'd hear thee.

Gh. Be vain, be insolent, and take no Care,
 Who writes, who rails, or who the Critics are:
Drawcanfir never shall be vanquish'd, 'till
 To fight against him, rise a mighty *Hill*;
 'Till the fierce *Lion* leaves the *Afric* Shores,
 And in a Coffee-house unregarded roars,
 'Till Sexes change, and then thy Arm oppose.
 Hark, hark what noise?---Yes, 'tis---the Cock
 doth crow,

My Time is spent---your Servant---I must go.

[*Ghost exit.*]

Dr. Sweet *Boadments*! good! fly Fear
 unto the Winds,

Drawcanfir shall e'er maintain his mighty Name;
 For will the *Lion* ever grow so tame,

As

As not to frighten Critics from Bohea,
 Can Sexes change or *Mountain's* fight with me;
 I thank thee—yet I'd know. [*Witches disappear*
 Ha! vanish'd into Air----what----ho! with-
 out there.

Enter Servant.

S. What is your Worship's Will?

Dr. Saw you the wierd Sisters,

S. No my good Lord.

Dr. It is enough-----what Noise was that I
 heard?

S. Three Messengers just now arriv'd, loaden
 With heavy News----the Powers of *Grub-street* all
 Are up in Arms, threat'ning Destruction
 Upon *Drawcanfir's* Head.

Dr. Let them come on----
 They come like Sacrifices in their Trim,
 And to the blink-ey'd Maid of powerful Dul-
 ness,
 All cold and lifeless will we offer them.
 Bring me my Pen and Ink, my Sword and Shield
 My BACCO BOX, and onward to the Field.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A Coffee-House, Covent-Garden.*Sir *Nackadil Trunnion*, Squire *Antony*.

Sir. *N. Antony*,----*Antony*---sit down and read the News-papers—Boy, what are you gaping at? —Why the Lad's a Nizey I think——what do you stare at?

Ant. Father, Father, do but look at that fine Gentleman there, all over Silver amost——why he's as fine again as I am——I warrant his Father must be a Lord.

Sir *N.* A Lord! *Antony*---no---no, may be not a Parliament Man.

Ant. No! why you told me Father, when you gi'n me a new Coat at your Election, that I was as fine as any Parliament Man's Son in the Nation.

Sir *N.* Ay! ay!——well, well, he may be a Lord's Son then, for aught I know;——or a Lord's Bastard may be——who knows?

Ant. Ho! ho! who? So may I Father, I may be a Lord's Bastard too, for aught I know——neither you nor I know that, you know. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir *N.* What do you make of your Mother then, you Dog, ha!

[Breaks his Head with his Cane.

C

Ant.

(8)

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C

Ant.

Ant. O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !

Enter Bullyboy.

Bul. What's the Matter, Gentlemen ? What's the Matter ?——Ha ! Sir *Nackadil Trunnion* ! I am very glad to see you.

Sir *N.* I don't recollect, Sir, that——

Bul. What have you forgot your Nephew--- my Name is *Bullyboy*——I am the youngest Son of the Family of the *Bloods*.

Sir *N.* God so——I beg your Pardon Kinfman——I had indeed almost forgot you——you are grown almost out of Knowledge since you came down to *Tumbledown-ball*---about five years ago, you was not much higher than this. I think——*Humph*——quite a Man ! tho' I heard as much from your Mother——well I am very glad to see you——here *Antony*——this, Sir, is my Son *Antony*——come hold up your Head, and let's have none of your Snuffling——why how you stand fucking your Orange, as if you were going to be hang'd.

Bul. Sir, your humble Servant, I am very proud to see you.

Ant. Your Servant, Sir——I don't care how proud you are, not I. [*Aside.*

Sir *N.* Ay Sir, this Son Sir, I intend to make a great Man——I have brought him up to *London* with me for that Purpose.---You heard I

sup-

suppose, I was chosen Member for our Borough, and that obliges me you know to attend the Parliament.

Bul. Undoubtedly, Sir.

Sir *N.* Now Sir, as hereafter, as things may happen and turn out, if so be, I should come to be at the Head of Affairs; I shall want, you know, a good clever Fellow, with a ready Wit, to write your---what do ye call 'em, *Pamphlets* and *News-Papers* on my Side, when I want to carry a Point you know.——I am told your great Men have them always in Pay?——Now if I could bring my Son *Antony* to this, I could trust him better than any body else you know, and he might save me Money too.

Bul. Right, Sir,

Ant. I wont do't.

Sir *N.* You wont, Sirrah?

Ant. No, I wont.

Sir *N.* Not assist your Father, Sirrah!——
why wont you?

Ant. 'Cause I wont.

Bul. Oh Sir! but it is your Duty.

Ant. What did he beat me for then?

Bul. You must have offended him, I suppose very grossly.

Ant. Not I---I only said I might be a Lord's Bastard for what I knew.——What harm was

there in that you know, when he said the same of you just before ?

Bul. Of me, Sir!

Sir N. As I did not then know you, Nephew, you know——

Bul. O Lord Sir ! I am not at all offended !

Ant. Well then, why should Father be offended ?

Bul. Very true.

Ant. Well then——*Humph.*

Bul. [*Aside to Sir Nackadil.*] I'll tell you Sir *Nackadil*——my Cousin *Antony* has the Seeds of ready Wit in his Nature, and only wants a little good Instruction to fit him for the Task you intend him ;--if you'll leave him to me, I'll engage myself to give you a good Account of him :
——We have Academies here in Town, where he may learn to be a Wit, a Writer, and a Politician in a few Hours.

Sir N. Indeed ! well, I am glad to hear that, and as you are so happily related to him, I am satisfied you will use your utmost endeavours for his Improvement. ——*Antony !*

Ant. Well, what do you say ?

Sir N. Come, be a good Boy, Sirrah, for the Future ; I'll forgive you.

Ant. With all my Heart, forget and forgive I say ;——I never lov'd to bear Malice in my Life.

Sir

Sir *N.* to *Bul.* Well Sir, I'll leave him entirely to your Experience, and shall be glad if you'll accompany him to my Lodgings ;———*Antony* will give you Directions.———*Antony*, I shall leave you to keep your Cousin Company.

[*Exit Sir N.*

Ant. Cousin !———what are you my Cousin?

Bul. Ay———my Heart.

Ant. Cod, I took you to be some young Lord, you are so woundy fine.

Bul. O Cousin *Antony*, if you stay in Town and keep Company with us *Bloods*, you must leave off that Suit, and lose these lanky Locks of yours.

Ant. *Bloods* ! Cousin, why what are they ?
Bloods ! *Bloods* !

Bul. Why Sir, I have the Honour to be a *Blood*.

Ant. O Cod ! I should like to be such another as you very well ;———why you look *amost* as well again as I do———tho', tho'f I say't, I'm a clever Fellow in the Main too.

Bul. Oh ! a very clever Fellow, and will be much cleverer if you'll be rul'd by me.

Ant. *Gauz*, I'll do any thing you *bid* me.

Bul. Well then, you shall be a *Blood* :———In the first Place then, you must learn to hate that dry old Dog, that left us just now.

Ant. What Father ! Oh Cod ! I learn'd that a good while ago.

Bul. And then you must laugh at all he says to you.

Ant. O *gauss* ! but he'll break my Head for that tho'.

Bul. Pho ! pho ! you must not mind that,--- if he does, you must laugh at him again.

Ant. So I will, now I think on't, or suppose I break his Head too : Ha !---hang me if I don't think I could beat him.

Bul. Bravo ! that will do.-----And then you must be witty upon ev'ry body.

Ant. What, cut Jokes upon 'em, ha !---oh ! I am a *Dab* at that.

Bul. Ay Sir, but your Country Jokes are nothing,-----you must be witty the right way, or else you're *Nobody* ;-----you must learn to bully, pull People by the Nose, trip up their Heels, break their Heads, and so forth.

Ant. Ay, but then they must not be so big as I.

Bul. No, no, you must always take care of that-----but you may *bum* any body safely.

Ant. *Hum*-----ah ! pray what's that ?

Bul. Why ; suppose now I was to meet your Father-----I go up to him, and, with a very serious Countenance, say, *Lord Sir, I wonder you can seem so unconcern'd,-----do you know that your Son Antony is just now drop'd down dead in*

an Apopleſtick Fit ?——Upon my Honour 'tis true

——So, putting him into the utmoſt Conſternation, go away, and laugh at the old Dog.

Ant. Cod, this is good Fun enough, and then he'd run home frightened out of his Wits, and find it all a Joke :——Ha ! ha ! gauſh I like that.

——And will this make me a *Blood* ?

Bul. O Lord Sir, no ! theſe are but half the Qualifications. You muſt learn *Humour*——

Ant. O Sir, I am of a very good *Humour* already.

Bul. Oh ! that you muſt break yourſelf of-----and learn to box, talk Baudy, roar and look big.

Ant. Oh ! I can roar and look big——you ſhall ſee now.

Bul. O Lord Sir ! that will never do-----This Sir, is the way. [*Swears loudly and affectedly.*]

Ant. O Lord ! O Lord !

Bul. And then to be truly humorous, you muſt ſteal Trinkets and Pocket-books from the Ladies, which you are to keep for the Jeſt's ſake ;——then Sir, you are to bilk Taverns,——tumble the Waiters down Stairs,——break all the Glaſſes in your Way——ſally into the Street,——take all the young Women you meet for Whores, and kick the old ones into the Kennel,——knock down the Watch,——lie all Night in *Covent-Garden Round-Houſe*,---be carried before the *Juſtice*, where you have nothing to do

do but to prove your Father a *Gentleman*, and the old Dog his Worship will stand by you in abusing all the World.——This, my Boy, is true Humour.——You must also be a Critic.

Ant. A Critic! ha! that's something harder still——is'nt.

Bul. No Sir, nothing easier——you can read, I suppose.

Ant. O yes, I can read.

Bul. Ay, well, but that's not very material,----if you can do any thing more than tell your Letters it will be sufficient.

Ant. My Letters! oh! I could tell my Letters at 4 Years old.

Bul. That's more than some *Critics* can do at thirty.

Ant. And then I can write very well, and talk *Latin*:——*Quid Agis?* What are you doing?——*Repeto mecum*, I am repeating by myself. *Quid repetis.*

Bul. Faith, my Boy, you are a better Scholar than half the Critics at *Sam's*, *George's*, or the *Bedford*——But this is not much to the Purpose, Sir, you may criticise upon Authors very well, without ever reading, or even being able to read them at all.

Ant. Ah! like enough,---criticise,---ah.

Bul. Ay, that's no more than this, Sir,---you must affect to have read *every thing*——Then you

you must frequent all the Coffee-houses where Wit is pretended to ; and whenever a Performance is mention'd you must stand thus, and cry with an Air of Disdain ;—*Ob Sir, Stuff Sir, Damnation Stuff Sir, stupid Stuff by G--d, The Author's an Ass, damme.*

Ant. Ah !

Bul. And then at the Appearance of a new Piece upon the Stage, you are to go, because ev'ry body does——Before the Curtain rises, you put the House in a Riot, and afterwards you must groan and cry *Augh, off, no more, no more, Damnation low !*——Oh, and then Sir, you must whip such a Machine as this out of your Pocket, and — *[Whistles with a Cat-call.]*

Ant. Ho ! ho ! ho ! well, that's well enough, —let me try.—*Damnation low !*——*[Whistles.]* *Goles*, I believe I shall soon learn.—Well, and will this make me a Blood like you, ha !

Bul. This is all the Instructions you will require, the rest will come easily of itself.

Ant. Will it ?--Then I'll be a Blood, *damme.*

Bul. Well, you'll remember what I have told you, and I'll see you again in the Afternoon.—Here's an Acquaintance of mine coming, that I shall want to talk with.

Ant. Well, well, I won't tell any body what you say.

Bul. No Sir, you must leave me.

Ant.

Ant. But I'll keep this.

Bul. Ay, ay, take it with you to practice.

Ant. So I will.——*Damnation low.*

[Goes out whistling with a Cat-call.]

Bul. Ha! ha! ha! high Humbug! ha! ha!
ha!

Enter Waiter.

W. Sir, a Porter has brought this for your Honour.

Bul. A Letter from *Jack Riot*?

[Breaks it open and reads,

“ Damme *Jack*, we had high *Hum* last Night
“ at Mother *Brindles*,——Bitch *Peg*. damnation
“ faucy,——knock'd up a Dust and play'd
“ Hell;——you'll come to *George's*,——a
“ Mob of us going to see *Blood Henley*, and *Poor*
“ *Nell*, Justice to be *bam'd*, and the Doctor in
“ fine Pickle,——dam my Blood.
JACK RIOT.”

Bul. Have among you, my Boys. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Doctor Mountain, reading a Paper.

The *Covent-garden Journal*! Death and Hell!
 This, this will ruin my best labour'd Scheme.
 Two Stars keep not their Course in one same
 Sphere,
 Nor can one Town e'er brook the double Reign
 Of an *Inspector* and a *Censor* too.
 I hate *Drawcanfir*; for, on single Sheets
 He wants to do my Office; and beside
 His works are read, while mine neglected die.
 This like a pois'nous Mineral gnaws my Inwards,
 And nothing can or shall content my Soul,
 'Till I am even'd with him——let me see
 To keep my place, and yet plume up my Pride--
 How? How? Oh! he has late atchiev'd *melia*;
 A Maid that parallels Description and wild Fame,
 One that excels the Quirks of blazoning Pens:
 Suppose I tell him she's upon the Town,
 A common Prostitute despis'd by all,
 She wants a Nose, and that's a smooth Dispose
 To make her be suspected.——Now *Drawcanfir*
 Is easily abus'd by Vanity,
 And will as tenderly be led by the Nose
 As Asses are——'twill do——but see he comes.

Enter

Enter Drawcanfir.

Dr. It was a false Alarm——Fast in their
Tents

Sleep on the Powers of *Grub-street*, scarce awoke
By Poverty or Fear---I'll therefore to my Love--
Excellent Wench! Perdition catch my Soul
But I do love her, and when I do not,
Chaos is come again——Oh my *Amelia*!

Moun. Ah! didst thou name *Amelia*!

Dr. Why? Wherefore should I not, with
Raptures name her?

Moun. Here kneel thou down and breathe a
solemn Vow,

Ne'er to own that deceitful Fair again:

For she has undone thee, *Drawcanfir*; she has
ruin'd thee.

Dr. Dost thou join ruin with *Amelia*'s Name?
Doth she not come replete with Wealth and Ho-
nour?

Moun. O no *Drawcanfir*! she has robb'd thy
Name

Of that high Rank and Lustre which it boasted;
Has levell'd thee with Men of common Fame,
Has made thee a Picture for the Hand of Scorn
To point her slow and moving Finger at.
There's not a Boy, or Porter in the Streets,
But casts the base *Amelia* in thy Teeth.

For

For she has been a Prostitute to all,

'Till ev'n the *Rubbish* of the *Town* are sicken'd.

Dr. Ha! Villain! Miscreant! what is that
you say?

Learn to restrain the Licence of your Speech;
For, mark me, Sir, I will not have her Name
Profan'd.

Moun. It is the Curse of Fools to be secure,
And that be thine——Dream on, nor think upon
The Vengeance till thou feel'st it, for e'er long
Thou wilt be damn'd.

Dr. ——Damn'd for *Amelia*!
Is she not fair as Painting can express,
Or Fancy form! eternal Excellence
Dwells in her mind, and sits upon her Tongue.
Be damn'd for her!

Moun. Thou wilt be damn'd and hiss'd about
the Town,
Branded a Fool, a Scribler, Idiot——

Dr. Ha!
Learn thus Obedience—— [Strikes him.

Moun. ——Ha! a Blow! thou'st us'd
Me well——this to thy Heart——

Dr. ——And this to thine.

[They fight.

Moun. By Heav'n my Sword has lost its usual
Point!

Dr. And so has mine——suppose we make
it up,

And

And *lam* the Town——you own your Pow'r
subdued,

And both of us will flourish——

Moun.

Ha! base born Tike!

Would'st thou with venal Trash pollute my
Fame?

Know I disdain thine Offer——

Dr. Then thus thou Villain will I be reveng'd.

Moun. And I—— [They go out fighting.]

S C E N E IV.

The BRAZEN HEAD.

A Specimen of true ORATORY.

Old Women the Pelts of the Creation——what
constitutes them? Ignorance and a College Edu-
cation——University itself an old Woman——
Want of Impudence want of Sense——no Man
beside myself e'er dar'd to say so——Nonsense
——Puns——Quibbles——Conundrums
——*Smart* Sayings——*St. Paul's Church-yard*
and *Grub-street* the same Place——Puffs——
Horses, the Consumers of Oats, gone to draw the
Asses to *Mother Midnight's Oratory*——long
Ears best to taste the Music of the Salt-box——
In my humble Opinion they are got on the wrong
side of the Post there——*Mary Midnight* not
herself——See the *Old Woman's Dunciad*——what
fig-

signifies her pretending to stand up for her own Existence? She don't exist at all——I can prove it.——

Roxana Termagant, an old Apple Woman, who is she? Who's afraid? not I——I don't screen myself under Petticoats——none but Fools and Villains oppose *Justice*——Who's a Favourite at Court?——I am——they can't persuade me to be a Bishop for all that———*Subsidies subside*——Who's King then?—I shall write my own Memoirs soon—or set up a daily paper—the *Clare-market Journal*——who'll smoke then?——Protestants——Who?——Pope a Pop——who says so? -----No honest Man-----I am an honest Man——Nobody'll deny that——whoever could prove me a Rogue?

It is necessary Women should have masculine Epithets when Men creep into Petticoats-----why should not a Woman be call'd a Rogue, Rascal, Scoundrel, Villain----no Proof to the contrary---Sauce for Goose Sauce for a Gander---I say it——prove it.——*New Astronomy, no Astronomy; Gresham College an Old Woman*——Man in the Moon set up there by *Moses*. *Moses* a much greater Man than Sir *Isaac Newton*——a Comet, what?——Neither a *Catharine Pear* nor a *Cheshire Cheese*.

Mother Midnight made Use of unfair Weapons——Salt-boxes! why does a Salt-box make her a better *Man*? Why I can get five Salt-boxes, and then

then I am five times as good as she---Solo on a
Broom-stick-----did you ever hear a Dog sing---
Signor *Canini* from *Bologna*----come forth----now
trust your Ears-----

Here a Song by a Dog.

There's the masterly-----the grand coup-----
the ev'ry Thing-----Music itself no more than
Sound, Sound no more than Noise-----I my-
self a good Musician-----perhaps a little harsh
to old Women or so-----but come-----Sig-
nor *Canini* renew the Strain-----

Dog sings again.

-----Conviction! now who's Conqueror? *Epa-*
minondas a great Man-----I much like him
-----have been up long enough since I go down
unconquer'd.-----

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Justice Bobadil, Dr. Mountain, Riot, Sir
Nackadil Trunnion, File, Mrs. Brindle.

Just. Well, Sir, and what Business do you follow? Your Name is *File*, you say—do you never attend the Play-house Door, to see the Company safe out?

File. No, Sir.

Just. I believe, Fellow, you don't strictly confine yourself to Truth—did you never see my Face before?

File. No, Sir——nor do I ever desire to see it again. [*Aside.*

Just. What's that you mutter about?——
Who has any thing to lay to the Charge of this Man?

Moun. I, Sir—he assaulted and robbed me, as my Servants can witness.

Just. Your Servants! Man—why, who are you, Fellow?

Moun. Sir.

Just. Sir, I say, Man — Fellow — who are you?

Moun. I am call'd *Mountain*, Sir.

Just. *Mountain!* alias *Dunghill*, ay——ay
I know you—the vilest Fellow that ever wore a
D Head.

Head.—Well, and you have been robb'd, you say, by this Fellow :—Very well, I have done with you,—you may go down—Man—you are not to go away—do ye mind?—You shall be bound to prosecute, and if you stir out of the House I shall send a Warrant after you—Ay, for all you look so,—you're a Gentleman, and as such I use you—

Moun. Insolent Rascal ! [*Exit.*

Just. To *File*—stand you aside, Fellow—
I shall talk to you presently.—— [*Exit File*]
Well, Mistress, who are you ? What have you to say ?

Mrs. Br. My Name is *Brindle*, if it please your Worship,—this young Gentleman here is a vile Fellow, and last Night broke into my Bed-chamber and ravished me, *without giving me any Thing for it* ;—which your Worship knows is a cruel Thing—when I have kept House in the Parish and paid Taxes this two Years—under your Worship's Protection and Favour.—But these young Fellows think they may do any Thing with any body, because, as how, we are civil and obliging to our Customers, and all that, if it please your Worship.——So therefore, I beg your Worship will make out a *Mittimus* and send him to *Newgate*, and have him scragg'd ;—for indeed 'twas a Rape, if it please your Worship,

ship,

ship, and he ought to be hang'd as much as *Penlez* or *Maclaine*.

Just. It is very well, Madam, we are acquainted with you, and consequently know you to be a creditable Woman—you shall have Justice done you——Well, Sir, what do you say to this ?

Riot. Damme Sir !—a Bitch of Bitches—damn my Blood !

Just. That, Sir, is nothing at all to the Purpose.

Riot. I very seldom do talk to the Purpose, Sir—does your Worship always do that ? That, Sir, is a damnation Failing of mine.

Just. Sir, I shall make you speak to the Purpose.

Riot. Will you by the Lord ? Then you'll make me do more than any body else can.

Just. Sir, do you know that I am a Justice of Peace ?

Riot. Not I, Sir, but I judge so by your Stupidity and Insolence.

Just. Dare you affront a Magistrate, Sir, in his Office ? Do you know, Sir, that I shall send you to the *Gatehouse* ?

Riot. Not I—damn my Blood ! if I know any such thing.

Just. Do you know, Sir, that it is in my Power to commit you to *Newgate* ?

Riot. Nay—nay, none of your Hum, my dear Barrister—but dismiss me—I must go to the *Bedford*—damme !

Just. This must be some young Fellow of Quality by his Impudence ; I must take Care how I act with him.—I'll try him a little further however—[*Aside.*] Do you know, Sir, the Consequence of a Rape ?

Riot. The Consequence of a Rape, old Boy ! —a Bastard, a Bastard, or two at most——but there's no Danger with *Peg* there ; she'll breed nothing but the Consumption of Mercury.

Mrs. Br. Indeed, if it please your Worship, I am as honest a Woman, in *my Way*, as ever broke Bread.

Riot. Only in a damn'd bad Way, *Peg*—I'll tell you, *Bobadil*—your Worship would do well by putting her in a *better*, by sending her to *Bridewell*, damme !

Just. It must be so—he's some Spawn of Quality—Pray, Sir, may I have the Honour to know who you are ?

Riot. As you begin to grow a little civil and intelligible, I'll tell you, Sir—I have the Honour to be a Son and Heir to Lord *Riot*.

Just. Lord *Riot* ! let me see—whereabouts doth he live ? — *In or out* — *Riot* — *Riot* — out — ay ; but then he's Brother to *Bacon Hope*
that

that married Viscount *Dangle's* Neice, who was Sister to Viscount *Favour*, that married the Earl of *Place's* Daughter, who is Son to his Grace of *Promise*; and so it is possible I may offend somewhere.—[*Aside*] Though I have not the Honour to know you, Sir, I shall nevertheless behave in this Affair according to *Justice*—Do you know, Mistress, the Consequence of bringing such a Charge as you were going, against the noble Gentleman?

Mrs. *Br.* Indeed, if it please your Worship, he did——

Just. No——Woman, he did not.

Mrs. *Br.* I'll take my Oath.

Just. Ha! Woman—do you contradict me? How do you say it was?

Mrs. *Br.* ——Why——if it please your Worship——I goes up Stairs——

Just. How, Woman! I GOES up Stairs——false *English*, Woman, false *English*, and consequently what you say must be false——your *Mittimus* shall be made out immediately.

Riot. No——no——damn the Bitch, I have abus'd her, let her go about her Business.

Just. If 'twill oblige your Lordship that she be dismiss'd——or else it is proper these People be made Examples for the Good of Community——Woman, I believe you are a sad Creature; but as I have a great deal of the *Milk of Human Kindness*

ness in my Nature; and am in Hopes you will amend, you may go.——I am very sorry I have given your Lordship so much Trouble; your Lordship is at Liberty whenever your Lordship pleases.

Riot. Servile Dog! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir N. Hold, Sir, a Moment, perhaps I have not such a Veneration for your Quality as his Worship; therefore I shall charge Mr. Constable with you for the Insult you put on me last Night in your Way to the *Round-house*, and expect you find Bail, before his Worship, to answer me in a proper Place——I attended you here this Morning for that very Purpose.

Riot. Why, faith, thou art a very comical old Fellow, damme—Do you know now I don't remember I ever saw your Face before?

Sir N. That may be, Sir—I must assist your Memory then.

Riot. Why thou art an odd Bitch——what shall I say to this Fellow, *Bobadil*?

Just. Oh! I'll deal with him for your Lordship presently——pray, Sir, who are you? What are you? Whence do ye come? As the Man can give no Account of himself, I shall send him to the *Gatehouse*, my Lord.

Sir N. Me to the *Gatehouse*, Mr. Justice! do you know, Sir, that I am in the Commission of the Peace, and of the Quorum! and that I am Representative in Parliament?

Just.

Just. How!

Sir N. For the Borough of *Muddletown*.

Just. I had like to have gone too far here.

[*Aside.*

Sir N. Send Sir *Nackadil Trunnion* to the *Gatehouse*, indeed!

Just. I beg Sir *Nackadil Trunnion's* Pardon in the most submissive Manner, but I hope a Mistake, arising from the many Deceptions People of the poorer, and consequently of the viler, Class put on us, will find an Excuse——And I hope also, the Error his Lordship might possibly, unknowingly, and I am confident unwillingly, committed, is not of such a Nature in itself, as to make either of you slight a Reconciliation. As nothing is more conducive to the Promotion of *Justice* and the *Good of Community*, than the perfect Amity of People of *Power* and *Fortune*, and which it is necessary they should preserve, in order that the *lower* Part of Mankind should meet with the Punishment due to their Offences——if you will do me the Honour, with his Lordship, to step into the next Room, a Moment, I will attempt to clear up this Affair, in which I am sure, as you are Men of Fortune, there is not, on either Side, any thing contrary to the nicest Points of *Honour*, *Justice* and Good-manners.

Sir N. As you are so perfectly obliging, Sir, and seem to come to a right Understanding
of

of Things, I will hear what you have to say to't.

Riot. A dry troublesome old Bitch, this!——
I believe I had better make it up with him, damn my Blood! ——

S C E N E VI.

Enter Roxana Termagant.

Raise all my Powers, the Powers of *Grub-street*
raise,

Drawcanfir trembles at the Name of me.

My Ranks in *King-street* shine——but oh my
Heart!

I'm sick of Love, and for my mortal Foe;

Drawcanfir's Charms have pierc'd my tender
Breast:

Oh wherefore then do I, in seeming Hate,

Rise up to Battle thus against his Power——

Oh! but to conquer and subdue his Arm,

That I may bend his stubborn Soul to Love,

Enter Mountain.

Moun. Why fits the Child of Dulness pensive here?
When now her Host of Friends have ta'en th'
Alarm,

Are up and ready to revenge her Cause;

The roaring Lion threatens to devour,

Drawcanfir's self and all his boasted Power.

Ter.

Term. Ha! say'st thou Doctor? Doth the
Lion roar?

He is Queen *Dulness*' Friend—but yet alas!
May I not hope *Drawcanfir* is so too?
For oh! I blush to tell thee that I love
The dear *Drawcanfir*.

Moun.—Ha! in Love with him! [*Aside.*
I thought that I alone possess'd her Heart—
Have not I told her twice ten thousand Lies?
Boasted of Favours I had ne'er receiv'd,
In vain to win her Love? What must be done?
O now I ha't—great Madam, if by me
You'll condescend to be advis'd, I'll make
This mighty Hero gladly own your Love.

Term. Wilt thou do that? Then shalt thou
be our
Friend—all *Grub-street* shall be tributary made,
Each Day, to feed your Lion and yourself.

Moun. I'll do't—I study'd Physic in my Youth,
And can procure such charmed powerful Drugs
That shall command the Passions of the Soul,
And bind *Drawcanfir* to your Charms for ever.

Term. I've read indeed that Magic hath such
Powers—
Go, try and prosper—yet, alas, I fear—
I'll to *Ben Sedgley*'s—you may find me there.

[*Exit.*
Moun. And I to minister the Draught—O
Fool—Fool—

E

Fool!

Fool!—I'll make him loath her Name—
 But how ? Oh ! an Emiffary I'll get,
 That while he o'er his *Journal* daily sleeps,
 Shall pour it lavishly into his Ear ;
 Which fuch strange Work fhall in his Memory
 make,
 That never more he fhall for her awake. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter 'Squire Antony whiffling.

Cod, here comes Father——now I'll have some
Fun with him——I'll *bum* him damme.

[*Begins crying.*

Enter Sir Nackadil Trunnion.

Sir N. Well, *Antony*, what's the matter, Boy ?
 What do you cry for ? What are you blubbering
 about ?

Ant. O Lord ! Father, O Lord ! O Lord !
 our House at *Tumbledown-hall* is burn'd down to
 the Ground, and every thing destroy'd——here
 has been Steward *Poundage* to look for you, and
 tell you of it——he's gone to fee about for you.

Sir N. *Tumbledown-hall* burn'd to the Ground,
 and all the rich Furniture and Plate gone to the
 Dogs ! oh I am ruin'd ! undone ! I had rather
 have loft half my Eftate. Where, where is Mr.
Poundage gone ? What is there nothing fav'd at
 all ?

all?—Where did the Fire begin? What part of the House?—Is your Mother safe? Oh I shall run distracted.

Ant. Ho! ho! ha! a *Hum*—ha! ha! ha!

Sir N. What do you laugh at your Father's Misfortunes?

Ant. Why Father you're humm'd—Ho!

Sir N. Humm'd! you Dog, what do you mean by that?

Ant. Ho! ho! why 'tis all a Joke——Ho! ho! I don't know any thing about *Tumbledown-ball*, not I.

Sir N. You don't—and an't you a pretty Fellow to make Game of your Father, ha! Sir.

[*Breaks his Head.*]

Ant. Ho! ho! ho! I don't mind that——*damme*——I must not heed that—there——

[*Puts himself in a boxing Posture at a Distance, and darts a strait Blow at his Father.*]

that's for you—hang me if I don't think I could beat you, at dry Boxing,—if 'twas n't for that Cane.

Sir N. Amazing Impudence! you do, Sir! then there, and there, and there. [*Beats him.*]

Ant. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! no indeed I don't——pray Father. [*Falls on his Knees.*]

Sir N. O! have I brought you to Reason young Gentleman, and pray who has been tutoring you to this?—Who set you on to abuse your Father, Sirrah, ah! come get up and tell me——where have you been?

Ant. Cousin, you left me with, told me I should hate you, and not mind what you said to me, and then he said it was witty to *bum* any body.

Sir N. A mighty pretty Fellow, that! I shall go and acquaint my Brother *Bullyboy* of this Behaviour of his—and you, I see Sir, have profited more by his Instructions in half an Hour, than you have done by mine these eighteen Years. —I wanted you to turn over a new Leaf, and this is the Way you was going to do it; but, Sirrah! I shall turn you back again to your old Chapter——Well, and did you learn no more of these goodly Tricks of him? What more did he tell you?

Ant. Yes, he said I must learn to bully and swear, and look big and so, and then I must learn to be a Critic, and to cry *Stuff, Damnation low!* and to whistle thus——and that would make me a great Man.

Sir N. Mighty pretty! a fine Fellow, that! — I had intrusted my Son with a fine Rascal—he would give me a good Account of him—a very good Account indeed, and this was the Way you was to become a great Man—Come along, Sir, and if ever I see you conversing with that Cousin of your's again I shall wring your Nose off for you—Come, Sir, I shall take another Course with you—I am now going to *Gresham College*——Come along, Sir,——let me see if you can learn nothing better there.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Drawcanfir solus—reading at a Table.

Drawcanfir rising.

Strange that my Sword should want its usual Point.
How dull its Edge! sure some superior Power,
Like mighty *Pallas*, in the Shape of Rust,
Oppos'd my Arm——by Heav'n it shall not be—
Tho' Hills on Hills t'oppose my Vengeance meet,
My Foes shall all lie sprawling at my Feet.
But let me pause——

Of what unequal Genius are we fram'd?
One Day the Mind, replete with Wit and Sense,
Dictates secure and fondly tells herself,
The Hour of Dulness will return no more:
The next, the Spirits pall'd and sick with Study,
Turn all to Nonsense, and the Town despise.
O my *Amelia*! what hast thou return'd
For all the Toil and Labour which I squander'd,
Dulness, Aversion, Tediousness and Stuff?
Sour'd all mine Hopes and damp'd my tow'ring
Fame!——

Here I left reading.

[*Reads*

*It being reported that a HILL must be levell'd,
before the Bedford Coffee-house could be taken, Or-
ders were given accordingly; but this was after-
wards found to be a Mistake, a second Express as-
suring*

*firing us, that this HILL was only a little paultry
Dunghill and had long before been levell'd with the
Dirt.* [Falls fast asleep.

Enter an Apothecary.

Drugs apt and Time agreeing,
Fast asleep, no Creature seeing,
Mixture of MIDNIGHT *Weeds* collected,
Works thrice damn'd and thrice neglected.
Journal in *Drury-lane* begun,
Poor Compound of Ribaldry and Pun.
Pierce the *soft* Recesses of thy Brain.

[*Empties a Phial into his Ear.*

My Business done, I now go out again.

[*Exit Apothecary.*

Drawcanfir wakes.

This Candle doth want Snuffing—Ha! what's
this?

[*Ghost rises.*

Gb. I am thy Genius—and I come to say,
The Powers of Dulness fight with thee To-day.

Dr. Well—wherefore should I fear? Since
Fate has said

I never shall be conquer'd 'till unfear'd
The *Lion* roar, a *Mountain* rear it's Head,
And *Sexes* change.

Gb. Be not deceiv'd—this is already true.
In yon Piazza, hark, the *Lion* roars,
An *Hill* uplifts it's Head, and—— [*Ghost sinks.*
Dr.

Dr. How is this?
 Vanish'd ! I would know more of this—Ha!
 Now I begin to fear and doubt the Word
 Of that equivocating Ghost—but, ha!
 Whom have we here?

Enter Roxana Termagant and Mountain.

Moun. Fear not, the Charm will work.

R. Ter. to *Dr.* O my lov'd Lord, my dear
Drawcanfir, hear me.

Dr. Ha! Woman, who art thou? Away—
 be gone——

R. Ter. I am thy *mortal Foe*, and yet thy
Friend.

Dr. Woman, away, I know thee now——
 thou art

Roxana Termagant——but wherefore here?

Why dost thou come to brave me at mine Home?
 At *King-street* end I'll meet thee by and by,
 And thou or I in *Wit* shall lower lie.

R. Ter. to *Moun.* Didst thou not say the Charm
 had pierc'd his Brain?

Moun. The Charm was naught——there was
 left out a Grain

Of special *Puns*——he can't endure thee now.

R. Ter. Then shall he die——shout *Dulness*,
 and fall on!

Dr. Held——held——in vain you draw your
 threatening Sword,

I bear a charmed Life, and cannot die
Till *Sexes change*, *Hills* rise, and *Lions* roar unfear'd.

R. Ter. Despair thy Charm, for know I was
a *Man*.

Moun. I am a *Mountain*, and a *Lion* keep
To roar at thee.

Dr. Accursed be the Tongues that tell me so;
For it hath cow'd my better Part of Man:
And be those juggling Witches ne'er believ'd,
Those Imps of Vanity that swell our Pride,
Yet cheat us of our Hopes——
Yet, I will fight ye——both at once fall on.

[*They fight*——*Drawcanfir falls*.

Moun. Now let's away, the Battle will be
ours,

We shall disperse full soon his friendly Pow'rs.
To mighty *Dulness* be a *Sacrifice*,
The Queen for *you* and *I* reserves the Prize.

[*Exeunt Mountain and Termagant*].

Dr. How are the Mighty fallen!—I am down,
O now farewell—farewell ungrateful Town.
Tobacco stops my Throat, my Race is run,
And now in Death I'm *punish'd* with a *Pun*.

4 AP 54 [Exit dying.

F I N I S.